

3

TALES
OF
THE HOY;
INTERSPERSED WITH
SONG, ODE, AND DIALOGUE.

BY
PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION.

Φιλέωσι μιν οἱ Μῦσαι,
Φιλίαι δὲ Φαίλος αὐτὸς,
Λίσσεται δ' ἑδωκεν ὀϊμῆν.

ANACREON.

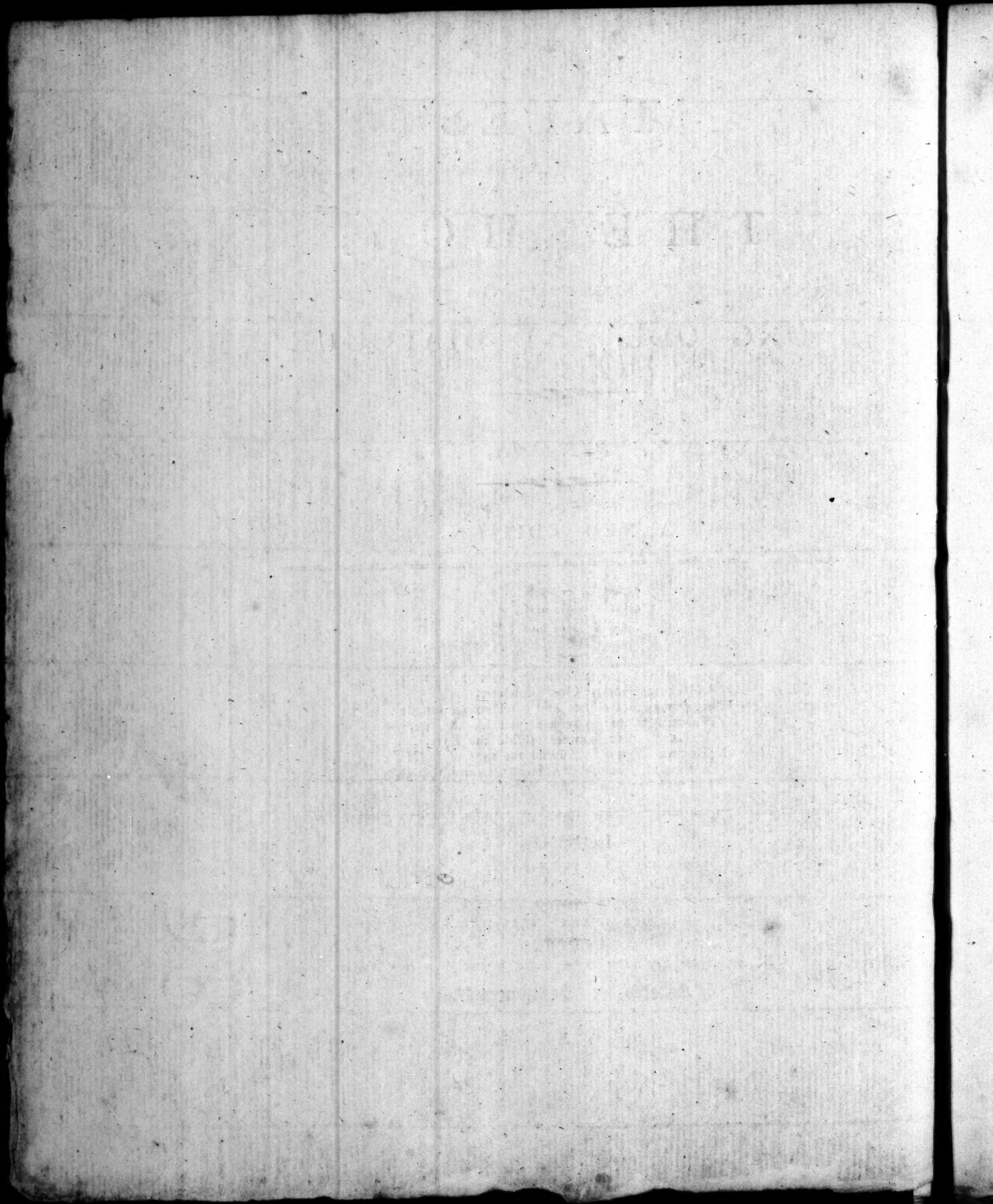
The MUSES love thee dearly, PETER,
And eke the merry GOD of Metre,
Who gracious gave thee such a charming tongue:
We thought that AGE had quench'd thy fire,
Or LAW's rude hammer crush'd thy Lyre,
Or ROYAL WHISPER sooth'd the rage of SONG;
Or PENSION chang'd thy Harp's uncourtly strings,
And with her golden scissars clipp'd thy wings.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR W. RICHARDSON, ROYAL-EXCHANGE; W. WEST, NO. 27, PATER-
NOSTER-ROW; AND W. CLARKE, NEW BOND-STREET.

[PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.]

N. B. *An elegant Engraving of the Author is prefixed to each Number.*

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]



PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

IT were needless, O ILLUMINATED READER, to inform thee, that the hint of the TALES of the HOY is borrowed from CHAUCER, who borrowed *his* hint from the DECAMERON of BOCCACE, who borrowed *his* hint from the CENTO NOVELLE ANTICHE. Thou wilt perceive that I have deviated from my merry PREDECESSOR, by omitting a PRIZE-SUPPER for the best STORY-TELLER. I have also deviated, by introducing Ballad, Dialogue, &c. by way of taking off a fatiguing monotony; thus enlivening the scene by *diversity*, which possesses a charm for the world in general.

Mine HOST of the HOY also differs from the HOST of the TABARD, by delivering his opinions in *prose*, a more *natural mode* of communication, though not so difficult, and consequently not so ingenious; difficulty and ingenuity being, in the present age, considered as *synonymous*, by a number of *profound Thinkers*! It would be thought presumptuous, perhaps, to draw a parallel between HARRY BAILY, the HOST of the TABARD, and CAPTAIN NOAH, our HOST of the HOY; but I must confess that I would rather be CAPTAIN NOAH than HARRY BAILY; not that HARRY BAILY was not a *clever fellow*—indeed he had humour, added to a shrewdness of observation; but HARRY BAILY had scarcely ever been out of the smoke of his own chimney: whereas CAPTAIN NOAH has been, like ULYSSES, a *great Traveller*; has sailed to various parts of the Globe; was on board the very Ship of War with Mr. GEORGE ROSE, our present great and *excellent* SECRETARY of the TREASURY, when he was only a poor Purser's Mate, and was with him too when he was elevated,

by Parliamentary Interest, to the rank of PURSER; and well remembers that he has often d-mned Mr. ROSE's rotten peas, ropy small beer, hopping biscuit, and horse-beef. CAPTAIN NOAH was likewise with SIR JOSEPH BANKS at Otaheitee, when that great man, for the *honour* of his *country*, was tattoo'd and lost his breeches in the boat with QUEEN OBEREAH. CAPTAIN NOAH also can play a country-dance on the fiddle, and dance the hays at the same time—nay, so far from being *illiterate*, he has published an *Acrostic* in Mr. JOHN NICHOLS's Magazine; nay, CAPTAIN NOAH has actually given *literary hints* to MESSIEURS RIVINGTONS and their WIVES, of St. Paul's Church-yard, who preside over the poetical part of a REVIEW called the BRITISH CRITIC, and before whose AWFUL TRIBUNAL this very work of mine, The TALES of the HOY, must one day *appear*, and, like themselves, at the day of judgement, be *saved* or *damned*!

CAPTAIN NOAH possesses a more original cast of character, a richer vein of humour, and a more universal knowledge; resembling too very strongly my late ingenious Friend GAINSBOROUGH, of painting excellence; that is to say, is *desultory* in his conversation, despising the cold phlegmatic form of *connexion*, and taking a *hop*, *step*, and a *jump* over things—to borrow an image from the CAPTAIN's favourite and congenial element, making *ducks-and-drakes* with *discourse*. By the introduction of Dialogue, my WORK assumes a pretty dramatic form; and which, with the leave of our present PETRONIUS ARBITER of PLAYS, the *accomplished* LORD SALISBURY, may one day make its appearance on our Theatres; be honoured with the ROYAL PRESENCE and *smile*, *perhaps*; and prove that a PIECE may obtain success without the most distant obligations to FLAMES and SPECTRES.

TALES
OF
THE HOY.

'T WAS in that month when NATURE drear,
With sorrow whimpering, drops a tear,
To find that WINTER, with a savage sway,
Prepares to leave his HALL of STORMS,
And crush her flow'rs delightful forms,
And banish SUMMER's poor last lingering ray ;

B

'Twas

'Twas in that season when the men of flog,
 The JEW and GENTILE turn towards their shop,
 In alleys dark of LONDON's ample round;
 From MARGATE's handsome spot, and HOOPER's-HILL,
 And DANDELION, where, with much good will,
 Of butter'd rolls they swallow'd many a pound;

I too, the BARD, from THANET's pleasant isle,
 Where, at a Lodging-house, I liv'd in *file*,
 Prepar'd with GENTILE and with JEW to wander;
 So pack'd up all my little *odds* and *ends*;
 Took silent leave of all my MARGATE Friends,
 And fought a gallant Vessel's GREAT COMMANDER;
 Who, proud of empire, rul'd with conscious joy
 His wooden Kingdom, call'd a MARGATE HOY!

Lord!

Lord ! how my gaping READERS long to know,
Which gallant Vessel's valiant LORD

(A natural curiosity I trow !)

Hail'd the GREAT POET and his TRUNK on board !
If KYDD, who nicks the passage to-an inch,
Or HE, his high and mighty rival, FINCH.

No matter ! Be it known to my Readers, that, on the
day of my departure, on the green lap of MOTHER
EARTH, on HOOPER'S-HILL, looking towards dear DAN-
DELION of dancing memory, I thus broke forth into the
Praise of MARGATE.

THE

THE PRAISE

OF

MARGATE.

DEAR MARGATE, with a tear I quit this isle,
Where all seem happy—sweethearts, husbands, spouses :
On ev'ry cheek, where PLEASURE plants a smile,
And PLENTY furnishes the People's houses.
What's BRIGHTON, when to thee compar'd !—poor thing ;
Whose barren hills in mist for ever weep ;
Or what is WEYMOUTH, tho' a QUEEN and KING
Wash, walk, and prattle there, and wake and sleep ?

Go bid the WHITING's, the boil'd WHITING's eye,

In brightness with the Gem of IND compare ;

Or bid the skipping JACK-O'-LANTERN vie

With heav'n's keen flash that lights the realms of air :

Go bid the humble THORN, the CEDARS ape,

That to the stars their tops sublimely spread ;

Go bid a CURATE in his tatter'd crape,

Like DOCTOR PORTEUS lift the lofty head,

Bid *ROSE's *Sun* like SOL with lustre shine ;

Or bid *that thing*, misnomer'd the TRUE BRITON,

Like brother Papers, yield a decent line—

Poor dying IMPS, whom TRUTH and GENIUS spit on.

C

What

* A GREAT MAN, who deemed it politically necessary to create a couple of NEWSPAPERS to vouch for his *good* deeds, and varnish *others*. The consumptive
state

What too thy reputation's wing will raise,

And with a bush of laurel deck thy name ;

Lo! I, the sweetest BARD of modern days,

Admiring, turn the STENTOR of thy fame.

state of his two miserable Bantlings, which GEORGE weakly imagined would prove to be a pair of ATLASSES to support his *World* of Character, gave birth to the following ODE of CONDOLENCE.

AN
ODE OF CONDOLENCE

TO
GEORGE ROSE, ESQ.

On his two NEWSPAPERS, most unfortunately baptized "The SUN,"
and "The TRUE BRITON."

FORBEAR thee, GEORGE, such whining, puling, sighing,
Because thy poor consumptive BRATS are dying—
By *thee* begotten,—how could they be strong?
So very like *thyself* in all their features!
Unhappy, miserable, dismal creatures,
The world now wonders they have liv'd so long.

What but insanity could well expect
Perfection from such radical defect?

No sooner had I finished this pretty, plaintive, poetical encomium, but, in a tender dove-like strain of delicate sensibility, very much like the HEBREW BARD weeping over his favourite JERUSALEM, I thus again broke out :

Whate'er from dirty THAMES to MARGATE goes ;

However *foul*, immediately turns *fair* !

Whatever *filth* offends the LONDON nose,

Acquires a fragrance soon from *Margate Air*.

Ev'n

A *sow's* ear cannot make a purse of *filk* ;
 We cannot to a *whale* convert the *shrimp*.
 What folly too to put out each poor IMP
 To NURSES yielding *not one drop of milk*.

Then prithee for thy Papers sigh no more—
 So *worthless*, for OBLIVION they are ripe ;
 Peace to their slumber, as their date is o'er—
 Peace to their *ashes*, as they light my Pipe.

Ev'n ROSE'S NEWS-HUNTERS, his *scandal*-CRIMPS,

Are chang'd to *Wits*, so great are *Margate-Pow'rs*;

Yes! his poor *Trumpeters*, the noisy IMPS,

Become sweet *Philomels*, in *Margate Bow'rs*!

The TAYLOR here, the port of MARS assumes;

Who cros-legg'd fat in silence on his board—

Forgets his goose, and rag-besprinkled rooms,

And thread and thimble, and now struts a LORD!

Here CRISPIN too forgets his end, and awl—

Here MISTRESS CLEAVER with importance looks;

Forgets the beef, and mutton on her stall,

And lights and livers dangling from the hooks.

Here

Here MISTRESS TAP, from pewter pots withdrawn,

Walks forth in all the pride of paunch and geer;

Mounts her swoln heels on DANDELION's lawn,

And at the ball-room heaves her heavy rear.

Chang'd by their travels—mounted high in soul,

Here SUDS forgets whate'er remembrance shocks;

And MISTRESS SUDS forgetteth too the Pole,

Wigs, bob and pig-tail, basons, razors, blocks!

Here too the most important DICKY DAB.

With puppy-pertness, pretty, pleasant PRIG

Forgets the narrow, fishy house of CRAB,

And drives in Jehu-stile his whirling Gigg!

D

And

And here 'midst all such consequence am I,

THE POET ! *semper idem—just the same—*

Bidding old SATIRE's hawk at follies fly,

To fill the shops of BOOKSELLERS with *game*.

Now in sorrow did I descend to the Pier, along-side
of which Pier was the Vessel ordained to *transport* me
from MARGATE.

In sorrow let me say, I descended, to go on board the
VESSEL,

Which like gilt gingerbread did ride,

(How garish on the silver tide !)

To

To whose smart ribs was golden varnish giv'n !
 Her blushing ensign proudly waving—
 Her pendant now in Ocean laving,
 Now sportive floating on the breeze to heav'n ;
 Like GAUDY MORTALS, steady now, now tripping ;
 Now in the *Zenith*—now to *Nadir* dipping !

At length I got me on board the Ark, where Master
 NOAH, *alias* the CAPTAIN, was busy, amidst scores of
 Passengers, of different faces, quality, and dispositions,
 in getting ready for the Voyage.—The anchor was soon
 apeak, the sails filled, and we were under way.

Now, as our immortal MILTON sublimely would have
 sung :

“ With

“ With dewy gems adorning herb and flow’r,
“ Mov’d meek-eye’d EVENING on the western hills
“ With modest mien, and on the calm expanse
“ Of OCEAN’s mirror look’d, and looking ting’d
“ Its heaving bosom with a roseate blush;
“ A blush empyreal!—

Or, as the no less immortal Author of HUDIBRAS would
have quaintly said;

“ Now MADAM EVE, with gown of pink,
“ Stepp’d down to NEPTUNE’s tap to drink,
“ Where PHOEBUS just before had been
“ At his old fam’d Salt-water INN,

“ (To end the labours of the day)

“ And give his horses, oats, and hay,

“ And bed, and clear their hoofs from gravel,

“ To fit them for next morning's travel.”

Again, as the illustrious BUTLER would have said, or
sung :

NIGHT, in her weeds, with bats and owls

(Her usual equipage of fowls)

Came forth; and changing colour, DAY,

(According to her vulgar way)

Like healthy FELONS hang'd, alack !

Turn'd from deep red to dismal black.

E

And

And now CAPTAIN NOAH, with a voice more like that of the RAVEN than the NIGHTINGALE, most audibly yet civilly vociferated, "LADIES and GEMMEN of the *best* CABIN! please to walk below!" At such summons we descended, where our PALINURUS thus began:

"LADIES and GEMMEN, you are all welcome on board; and as we shall not reach LONDON till to-morrow, in God's name let us drown old CARE in the BOWL.—Here's a pretty little Pond of punch; and when we suck that dry, we'll fill another and another; so God prosper the Vessel, and send us a pleasant passage! Long may we live, and merry be our hearts! Down with the French! and damn BUONAPARTE! Cheer up, lads and lassies! While

we live, let us *live*! We must all go at last to DAVY JONES's Locker—no help for it, all must go down—*fortune de la guerre*! We shall never be a day younger! May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss! Love and opportunity! Liberty and property! Come, LADIES and GEMMEN, take your places around the old table—dip your whiskers in the nectar! Drown old CARE, as I said before! A light heart and a thin pair of breeches! There's a good God over our head! OLD ENGLAND for ever! Come, LADIES and GEMMEN, I'll be TOAST-MASTER. Here's my CHAIR of state, and here's my HAMMER. I'll be the MISTER JUPITER TONANS of the night, as some Latin men have christened me, with your leave—so, LADIES and GEMMEN, please to obey my orders. A TOAST-

MASTER,

MASTER, LADIES and GEMMEN, is the greatest man in the world—no appeal from a TOAST-MASTER. He is despotic—like our PRIME MINISTER, scorns to give a *reason* for what he does. LADIES and GEMMEN, a TOAST-MASTER is *all-wise*; let me *wickedly* say, *omnipotent*, for the CHAIR *must be supported*; and therefore he can command *every thing*. A TOAST-MASTER may say, 'MOAB shall be my washpot, and over EDOM will I cast out my old shoe.' A TOAST-MASTER is the first man in the world—Were his MAJESTY of ENGLAND here *now*, in this very Cabin *here* (God bless him), and refused his glass, or contradicted me, or asked a *reason*, I would order him a half dozen bumpers; if not contented with *that*, a pint of salt water; and were *his* MAJESTY to demand

demand of *my* MAJESTY a *reason* for such proceedings,
 then should *my* MAJESTY order *his* MAJESTY a *pottle*;
 which if he refused, he should be sent to *Coventry*
 before he could say '*Peas.*' " The Captain ended;
 when the dark SOLEMNITY which saddens the faces of En-
 glishmen who happen to be strangers to one another, was
 converted into a smile that instantaneously ran over every
 countenance, by a sort of happy contagion.

Thus oft it happens that the sky
 Throws horrid glooms upon the eye;
 Breeds clouds like malkins—old, black rags indeed!
 The lands below look dismal, drear!
 When suddenly, see SOL appear!
 He pushes boldly through the DARK, his head!

F

At

At once the shadows to his glories yield,
And cheerful radiance flies from field to field.

CAPTAIN NOAH now mounted his large ELBOW-CHAIR,
assumed his SCEPTRE, *alias* HAMMER, and, commanding
silence, entered upon his song.

S O N G.

AGAIN we begin to be BRITONS, my boys :

While united, success we command :—

Lo! each Tar on the OCEAN a triumph enjoys,

And Laurels shall cover the LAND.

Though

Though surrounded by foes that in legions arise,

And cry for our ruin aloud,

The GENIUS of ENGLAND their fury defies,

And bursts like the SUN from a Cloud !

May the KING live for ever, the friend of our ISLE,

That revolts at the name of a SLAVE ;

Whose eye for fair MERIT possesses a smile,

And a tear for the tomb of the BRAVE !

No Man to his Mistress or Wife will return,

And say :—“ I have fled from the FOE ;

“ My honour is gone, in the grave let me mourn

“ A disgrace that no BRITON should know.”

FRANCE,

FRANCE, the beggar shall be of the year fifty-eight,

When for mercy she put up her pray'r ;

With naught but her perfidy left, and her spite,

And her pride, to console her despair.

The SPANIARD too late shall his folly confess,

When his Indies no longer remain ;

And the DUTCHMAN, a Frog in the Days of QUEEN BESS,

Shall croak in his ditches again.

But how needless to talk of our prowess in WAR,

And proclaim what a Universe knows !

Let LANGARA, DE GRASSE, and DE WINTER, declare

What it is to have BRITONS for Foes !

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Mrs. BLISS, my good old acquaintance, here's success
to *you* and your pretty little white-legged chicken! A
Song if you please! LOVE, almighty LOVE, I suppose,
will be the subject. All alive! nymphs and shepherds—
God's Lambs *will play!*

MISTRESS BLISS.

Indeed, CAPTAIN, my Song will be a *serious* one—
nothing more nor less than an Epitaph on my poor dear
Girl, CORRINNA; the best creature in the world, as well
as the most beautiful—she was cruelly used! she died a
martyr to the TENDER PASSION.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

O! I recollect her. POOR CORINNA!—I could *cry* for her, MISTRESS BLISS—a sweet creature! So kind! so lovely! and so good-natured!—she would not hurt a fly! LORD, LORD! tried to make every body happy. Gone! ha! MISTRESS BLISS? Gone!—poor soul! Oh! she is in heaven, depend upon it—nothing can hinder it—O LORD, no!—nothing—an ANGEL! an ANGEL by this time—for it must give GOD very little trouble to make *her* an Angel, even if it were a *First-rate*—she was so charming.—Such terrible figures as my LORD C—D—N, or my LADY MARY, to be sure, it would take at least a *month* to make *such ones* any thing *like* Angels—but poor little CORINNA wanted very few repairs—Perhaps the sweet little soul is now seeing what is going on

in

in our Cabin—who knows? Charming little CORINNA!
 Lord, how funny it was! for all the world like a
 rabbit, or a squirrel, or a kitten playing with its tail!
 Gone! as you say, *gone!* Well, now for her Epitaph.

CORINNA'S EPITAPH.

HERE sleeps what was *innocence* once, but its snows

Were sullied and trod with disdain;

Here lies what was *beauty*, but pluck'd was its rose,

And flung like a weed to the plain.

O PILGRIM, look down on her grave with a sigh,

Who fell the sad victim of *art*;

E'en CRUELTY's self must bid her hard eye

A pearl of compassion impart.

O PILGRIM,

Ah! think not, ye PRUDES, that a sigh, or a tear,

Can offend of all Nature the God ;

Lo! VIRTUE already has mourn'd at her bier,

And the LILY will bloom on her sod.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very pretty! very clever! thank ye, MISTRESS BLISS—
rather doleful—very pretty though—touching and ten-
der—it would do for my wife Mrs. NOAH, very well. I
wish Mrs. NOAH could have it. Have ye nothing a little
more lively, Mrs. BLISS? Come, come, something
giggish — something merry — Poor sweet CORRINNA!
Yes, something alive. Have not you a *what-d'ye-call-it*
about ye? a bit of gaiety or so? We must not be

always at a *funeral*—must have a *courtship* and a *wedding* sometimes—it would be a dismal world else. Come, Mrs. BLISS, let us have something in the *tol-de-rol-loll-way*—funny—hang dismality—leave that to Parsons. I don't admire Parsons—a Parson in quest of preferment too is one of the saddest dogs in the world—you never have his opinion! so sanctified too! demure as an *old Bawd* at a Christ'ning! O, d-mn it! and then a Parson on board ship is the Devil!—I never failed with one but we had a *storm*. Well, Mrs. BLISS! one more, and then I shall call on my little Sprig of Parnassus, MASTER TAGG. — Silence, Ladies and Gemmen!

H

SONG.

SONG.

WHEN WILLIAM first woo'd, I said *yes* to the swain,

And made him as blest as a LORD—

For ye VIRGINS around, in my speech to be plain,

That *no* is a dangerous word!

The Girl that will always say *no*, I'm afraid,

Is doom'd by her Planet to die an Old Maid.

The Gentlemen seem one and all to agree,

That we're made of materials for kissing—

And if so, for I really believe it, good me!

What joys through one *no* might be missing!

Since the Girl who will always say *no*, I'm afraid,

Is doom'd by her Planet to die an Old Maid.

Say *yes*, and of courtship ye finish the toil—

Whole mountains at once ye remove—

You brighten the eyes of the Swain by a *smile*,

For smiles are the sunshine of Love !

Say *yes*, and the world will acquit you of *art*,

Since the *Tongue* will not *then* give the lie to the *Heart*.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very true, Mrs. BLISS—very true Song—very good—
no is a dangerous word—and yet a *Bishop* always says *no*,
and is never *disappointed*. Mr. BUCK, you are called on—
Silence !

BUCK.

Mine is “ The Widow of Ephesus,” Captain—an *old*
Tale.

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN NOAH.

A good subject to work on—a WIDOW—a nice bit of stuff—"WIDOW of EPHEsus," ha? Aye, aye,—a Greek Gentlewoman!—I have been in her country when we sailed up the *Arches*—pretty Girls—Greek Girls! I used to get their little sweet velvet skins *cheap*. Whip up their veils! Board their juicy lips! and give them a good British *smack*, that you might hear a mile! Oh, the *Arches* beat the LONDON MARKET all to pieces! Ladies and Gemmen, "The WIDOW of EPHEsus"—Silence!

THE WIDOW OF EPHEsus;

A TALE.

BALM are the figs for breathless Husbands shed!

And *Pearl* the eye-drops that adorn the DEAD!

At

At EPHEsus (a handsome town of Greece)

There liv'd a LADY—a most lovely PIECE !

In short, the charming *toast* of all the town :

In Wedlock's *velvet* bonds had liv'd the Dame—

Yes ! brightly did the torch of HYMEN flame,

When DEATH, too cruel, knock'd her husband down.

This was indeed a lamentable stroke !

PRUDENTIA's gentle heart was nearly broke !

Tears pea-like trickle, shrieks her face deform—

Sighs, sighs succeeding, leave her snowy breast—

Winds, call'd hysterical, expand her chest,

As tho' she really had devour'd a *storm*.

I

Now,

Now, fainting, calls she on her poor dead Love,
How like the wailings of the widow'd Dove!

All Ephesus upon the wonder gaz'd!

Men, women, children, really were amaz'd.

'Tis true, a few OLD *Maids* abus'd the pother—

“Heav'ns! if one husband dies, why take another!”

Said they—contemptuous cocking up the nose:

“Ridiculous enough! and what about?”

“To make for a *dead husband* such a rout!

“There are as fine as *he*, one might suppose.

“A body would presume, by grief so mad,

“Another husband was not to be *bad*;

“But

“ But men are not so very scarce indeed—

“ More than are *good*, there are, God mend the breed !”

Such was the conversation of old Maids,

Upon this Husband's visits to the shades.

At length her SPOUSE was carried to the *tomb*,

Where poor PRUDENTIA mop'd amid the gloom.

One little lamp, with solitary beam,

Shew'd the dark coffin that contain'd her DEAR,

And gave a beauteous sparkle to each tear,

That rill-like dropp'd—or rather like a *stream*.

Resolv'd was SHE amid this tomb to figh;

To weep, and wail, and groan, and starve, and die—

No comfort ! no ! no comfort would she take :
Her Friends beheld her anguish with great pain,
Begg'd her to try amusement, but in vain—

“ No ! she would perish, perish for his sake ! ”

Her flaxen tresses all dishevell'd flow'd—
Her vestments loose—her tucker all abroad,
Revealing *such* fair swelling orbs of woe !

Her lids in swimming grief, now look'd on high,
Now downward droop'd, and now she pour'd a sigh
How *tuneful*, on her dear pale Spouse below.

Who would not covet death for such sweet sighs,
And be bewail'd by *such* a pair of eyes ?

It

It happen'd that a Rogue, condemn'd to death,

Resign'd (to please the Law) his roguish breath ;

And near the vault did this same felon swing :

For fear the ROGUE's relations, or a friend,

Might steal him from the rope's disgraceful end,

A smart young SOLDIER watch'd the Thief and string.

This SON of MARS, upon his silent station,

Hearing, at night, a dismal lamentation,

Stole to the place of woe—that is, the tomb—

And, peeping in, beheld a beauteous face

That look'd with such a charming tragic grace,

Displaying sorrow for a husband's doom.

The YOUTH most nat'rally express'd surprise,

And scarcely could he credit his two eyes:

“ Good God, MA’AM! — pray, MA’AM, what’s the

“ matter here ?

“ Sweet MA’AM, be comforted—you *must*, you *shall* !

“ At times misfortunes, ev’n the *best*, befall—

“ Pray stop your grief, MA’AM, *save* that precious tear,

“ Go, Soldier, leave me !” sigh’d the FAIR again,”

In *such* a melting melancholy strain,

Casting her eyes of woe upon the YOUTH—

“ I *cannot*, *will* not live without my LOVE !”

And then she threw her glist’ning eyes above,

That swam in tears of constancy and truth.

“ Madam !” rejoin’d the YOUTH, and press’d her hand,

“ Indeed you shall not my advice withstand ;

“ For heav’n’s sake don’t stay here to weep and howl !

“ Pray take refreshment !” Off at once he set,

And quickly brought the MOURNER drink and meat ;

A bottle of Madeira, and a fowl ;

And bread and beer,

Her heart to cheer.

“ Ah ! gentle YOUTH, you bid me eat in vain !

“ Leave me ! oh, leave me, SOLDIER, to complain !

“ Yes, sympathizing Youth, withdraw your wine !

“ My *figs* and *tears* shall be *my* only food—

“ Thou knewest not my Husband kind and good,

“ For whom this heart shall ever, ever pine !

And then she cast upon the YOUTH an eye

All tender ! saying, “ SOLDIER, let me *die* !”

And

And then she press'd his hand with friendship warm.

" You shall not die, by heav'n ! the Soldier swore ;

" No ! to the world such beauty I'll restore,

" And give it back again its only charm !"

Such was th' effect of her delicious hand

That *charm'd* his senses like a wizard's wand !

" What ! howl for ever for a breathless *clod* !

" Ma'am, you *shall* eat a leg of fowl, by G— !"

With that he clapp'd wine, fowl, bread, beer and all,

Without more ceremony, on the pall.

" Well, SOLDIER, if you *do insist*," quoth she,

All in a faint-like, sweet, complying tone,

" I'll *try* if GRIEF will let me pick a *bone* !

" Your health, SIR"—" Thank you kindly, Ma'am,"

quoth he.

As

As grief absorbs the senses, the fair Dame

Scarce knew that she was eating, or yet drinking ;

So hard is it a roaring grief to tame,

And keep the sighing, pensive soul from thinking ;

So that the fowl and wine *soon pass'd* indeed—

Quickly away too stole the beer and bread

All down her pretty little swelling throat :

And now, whate'er philosophers may think,

SORROW is much oblig'd to *meat* and *drink*,

Whose soothing virtues stop the plaintive *note* ;

And, says the anatomic ART,

“ The stomach's *very near* the heart.”

PRUDENTIA found it so: a *gentler* sigh
 Stole from her lovely breast—a *smaller* tear,
 Containing *less* of anguish, did appear
 Within the pretty corner of her eye;
 Her eye's dark cloud dispersing too apace,
 (Just like a cloud that oft conceals the Moon),
 Let out a brighter lustre o'er her face,
 Seeming to indicate *dry weather* soon.
 Her tongue too somewhat lost its mournful style;
 Her rosebud-lips expanded with a *smile*;
 Which pleas'd the gallant Soldier, to be sure—
 Happy to think he sav'd the DAME from death—
 Yes, from his hug *preserv'd* the sweetest *breath*,
 And to a wounded heart prescribed a cure.

NOW MARS'S SON a minute left the Dame,

To see if all went well with ROGUE and rope;

But ere he to the fatal gibbet came,

The Knave had deem'd it proper to *elope*.

In short, attendance on the LADY'S grief

Had lost him his companion, the hang'd Thief,

Whose Friends had kindly filch'd him from the string.

Quick to the LADY did the Soldier run:

" Madam, I shall be hang'd, as sure's a gun!

" O Lord! the Thief's gone off, and *I* shall swing!

" Madam, it was the royal declaration,

" That if the ROGUE was carried off,

" Whether by *soft* means or by *rough*—

" *No matter*,—*I* should take his situation."

" O Lord,

" O Lord, O Lord ! my fate's decreed !

" O MA'AM, I shall be hang'd indeed !

" O Lord ! O Lord ! this comes of *creeping*

" To graves and tombs—this comes of *peeping*—

" This is th' effect of running from my duty !

" O curse my folly ! What an ape

" Was I, to let the Thief escape !

" This comes of fowl, and wine, and beer, and beauty !

" Yet, MA'AM, I beg your pardon too,

" Since, *if* I'm hang'd, 'twill be for *you* !"

" Cheer up my gallant Friend," reply'd the Dame,

Squeezing his hand and smoothing down his face—

" No, no, you sha'nt be hang'd, nor come to shame,

" My husband here shall take the Fellow's place—

" Nought

“ Nought but a lump of clay can he be counted ! ”

“ Then let *him* mount ” — and lo ! the Corpse was

“ mounted ;

Made a good thief — nay, so complete,

The people never smelt the cheat.

Now from the Gibbet to the Tomb again,

Haste, arm-in-arm, the SOLDIER and the FAIR ;

T’exchange for kisses, and the Turtle’s strain,

Sad hymns of *Death*, and ditties of *Despair*.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

There was a d-mned *Jade* for ye ! What a sniveling
huffey ! It was a *devil* of a trick, to be sure ; but,
“ A *living Dog* is better than a *dead Lion*, ” as the say-
ing is. The young SOLDIER, to be sure, was not *much*
to blame ; for who would not rather be pressing a little

M

warm,

warm, beautiful flesh and blood, and ogling lilies and roses, than gaping in the cold all night, at a dead Thief? LADIES and GEMMEN, silence! Now, MASTER TAGG, make me an *extempore* on this little drunken dog of a FLY, that I have just helped out of the Punch—there he is, rubbing his nose with his two long arms, and rolling about like a ship in storm! Come, fire away! and I will afterwards tip you a specimen of my LORD SALISBURY'S poetry, on a FLY that pitched on the cheek of a pretty woman at Hampton-Court. My Lord's Butler, who was my passenger the last trip, shewed it to me as a great curiosity—The KING and QUEEN have seen it, and *admired* it. All the servants agree that he is a pestilent man for a rhyme—O Lord! there's a deal of genius among the Quality now—much improved of late—could not read nor write formerly, I've been told—now they write verse and prose like mad—and then there's my LORD CARLISLE can tip ye a hundred rhymes in a half an hour—but my LADY does not like his verses; for he scrawls the chairs and tables over, and walls, whenever

the Poetry-fit is upon him—and then he makes up *such* wry mouths, and grins when he is going to be delivered of verses, as though he was bewitched. My LADY watches his face like a cat, and stalks behind him, with a bit of wet sponge, to rub all out again, that the furniture mayn't be disfigured and spoiled. The servants are ordered too, by my LADY, to take notice of his rhyming *tantarums*, and be ready to *rub*. But, MASTER TAGG, the *extempore*—the *extempore* on the FLY, or you sha'n't have your passage for *nothing*!

THE DRUNKEN FLY.

Poor little reeling, thoughtless soul,

To tumble drunk into the bowl!

DEATH to thy thread had clapp'd his knife;

Go, wipe thy nose and wings and thighs,

And brighten up thy maudling eyes,

And thank the CAPTAIN for thy life!

In

In future, get not *quite* so drunk !
 Thy girl, perhaps a Lais of *spunk*,
 May wish thy amorous pow'rs to prove ;
 And shouldst thou, drunk, the WANTON chase,
Ebriety may bring *disgrace* ;
 And *who* would look a *fool* in Love ?

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very well, very arch, MASTER TAGG—a *fly* hint—
 modest hint to certain young valorous, braggadocio,
 and tipling Fornicators.. Now for my LORD SALISBURY'S
 FLY!

*Verses on a Fly that pitched on the Cheek of a most
 beautiful young Lady.* By LORD SALISBURY.

Happy, happy, happy FLY!
 Were I *you*, and *you* were I!
 But *you* will always be a FLY,
 And *I* remain LORD SALISBURY!

Ladies

Ladies and Gemmen, a very pretty thought! tender and sentimental, and touching. You see that my LORD is a dab at a distich. MASTER BARNACLE, a Tale or a Song!

MR. BARNACLE.

Both in one, CAPTAIN NOAH, and set to music by a charming fellow, WILL. SHIELD, whom every body knows, and on whom some queer Genius wrote verses, just after poor SHIELD's brains were almost knocked out by the fall of the Statue of an Apollo on his head, from the summit of the organ, as he was playing.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Repeat them! repeat them!

Verses on the Fall of the Statue of APOLLO from the Summit of the Organ, on the Head of SHIELD, as he was playing.

On a day, on SHIELD's crown,
APOLLO leap'd down,

N

And,

And, lo! like a bullock he fell'd him!

Now was not this odd?

Not at all—for the God

Was mad that a *mortal* excell'd him!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Funny, funny, funny! Fine man, SHIELD! Great at the Gamut—an Angel in his Airs—deep—deep Musician! He carried me to the OPERA once, and told me all about the Singers—*Signor this*, and *Signor that*, who squawled away at a most cat-like rate! I was not much pleased with *that*; but a thought struck me that pleased me wonderfully—it was to think that the descendants of those *Rogues*, the ROMANS, who beat us poor BRITONS about like so much stockfish, a thousand or two years ago, should be forced—hæ! LADIES and GEMMEN—come, I must be decent—to lose, to lose—I mean, to be made Eunuchs! and come a thousand miles to squawl to us. Great change! wonderful change in the world! What *ups* and *downs*! Poor fellows! I *pity* them too—never
2
have

have any children, I'm told—all dead men—blanks ! blanks ! cut off from the LADIES—great misfortune that ! all done when young too—infants—babies ! Were I served the trick, I'd go to the world's end to cut their throats, *whoever* did it—father or mother—uncle or aunt—godfather or godmother—I'd *eunuch* them, with the devil to 'em !—horrid, horrid, horrid ! Mr. POPE, the great Poet, hath wrote upon that *Loufyweesy*, or what is the young Lady's name, and *Ablard*—very fine—but I don't understand the whole, it is so wrapped up ; but I guess, guess—a very peppery poem—and yet all young LADIES know it by heart—yes, yes, leave *them* alone to find out *what's what* !

JOAN of NAPLES used to have a bath under her window for the young men, where she sat and picked out those for her pleasure that she liked best—bad, bad—she should have been put into the pillory ! LADIES and GEMMEN, to order ! A Song from Mr. BARNACLE !

POOR

POOR TOM.

Now the rage of Battle ended,
And the FRENCH for mercy call;
DEATH no more in smoke and thunder
Rode upon the vengeful Ball.

Yet, what brave and loyal HEROES
Saw the Sun of morning bright—
Ah! condemn'd by cruel FORTUNE
Ne'er to see the Star of NIGHT.

From the main-deck to the quarter
Strew'd with limbs and wet with blood,
Poor TOM HALLIARD, pale and wounded,
Crawl'd where his brave Captain stood.

“ O, my noble Captain! tell me,
“ Ere I'm borne a corpse away,
“ Have I done a Seaman's duty
“ On this great and glorious day?

“ Tell

“ Tell a dying Sailor truly,
“ For my life is fleeting fast ;
“ Have I done a Seaman’s duty ?
“ Can there aught my mem’ry blast ? ”

“ Ah ! brave Tom ! ” the Captain answer’d,
“ Thou a Sailor’s part hast done !
“ I revere thy wounds with sorrow—
“ Wounds by which our glory’s won.”

“ Thanks, my Captain ! life is ebbing
“ Fast from this deep-wounded heart ;
“ But, O grant one little favour,
“ Ere I from the world depart :

“ Bid some kind and trusty Sailor,
“ When I’m number’d with the dead,
“ For my dear and constant CATHERINE
“ Cut a lock from this poor head !

O

“ Bid

" Bid him to my CATHERINE give it,

" Saying, Her's alone I die !

" KATE will keep the mournful present,

" And embalm it with a sigh.

" Bid him too this letter bear her,

" Which I've penn'd with panting breath :

" KATE may ponder on the writing,

" When the hand is cold in death."

" That I will," reply'd the Captain,

" And be ever CATHERINE's friend."

" Ah ! my good and kind Commander,

" Now my pains and sorrows end !"

Mute towards his Captain weeping,

Tom uprais'd a thankful eye—

Grateful then, his foot embracing,

Sunk, with KATE on his last sigh !

Who,

Who, that saw a scene so mournful,

Could without a tear depart?

He must own a savage nature—

PITY warm'd never his heart!

Now in his white hammock shrouded,

By the kind and pensive Crew,

As he dropp'd into the Ocean,

All burst out—" Poor Tom, adieu!"

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Charming, charming! a thousand pities such a fine fellow should be meat for the sharks! BROOKE-WATSON-legs are good enough for *them*! Pity! pity! but it ca'n't be helped—a man is no more than a sparrow with God! A strange world this! very bad world indeed in some parts—*hogged* the moment it was launched—a number of rotten timbers! I think it must have been built by *contract*—yes! in some private Dock or other,
sure

sure as fate ! But we can't help it—if the ship be leaky, we must keep the pumps agoing ! All's one a hundred hence ! What business have we to die ? Fine fellow XERXES, when he cried to think that in a few years not a man of all his armies would be alive. Fine thought—pretty thought—natural too ! I should like to have shaken a paw with XERXES, poor fellow—but then I should not have been *here*, LADIES and GEMMEN, to enjoy your good company ! To order ! to order !—MASTER SQUIBB, tumble up ! examine your wallet, and *gi*ve us something good !

SQUIBB.

My dear Friend, my hearty honest host of the Hoy, principal Proprietor of the Prince of Pacquets, upon my soul I have nothing to offer—not a bit of a Ballad—not a slice of a Song—nor a tittle of a Tale, to enliven the evening, and conjure up conviviality.

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN NOAH.

What ! not *you*, SQUIBB ? the PRINCE of PARAGRAPH-MAKERS ! the NABOB of NEWS ! the IMP of invention ! the LION of LEARNING ! and the very PAPER-KITE of POLITICS ! What, *you* aground ?

SQUIBB.

Let me perish, my dear Friend, if I possess a particle of power ; I really, my dear Friend, am as stupid as that stupid stock, my hum-drum CHUM, BARNABY BUFFLE-HEAD, who never so much as *blundered* on a *bon-mot* !

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Come, come, no palavering *me* over, with my dear Friend, and dear Friend ; I hate the word, there's so much hypocrisy in the world. Friendship is a *silent* Gentlewoman—makes no parade. The *true* heart dances no hornpipes on the tongue—a p-x on palaver, say I—so give us *something*, MISTER MODESTY, if you please.

P

SQUIBB.

SQUIBB.

Upon my honour, Captain Noah.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

A bumper of salt water for Master Squibb !

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah ! Captain Noah !

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Two bumpers of salt water to Master Squibb !

SQUIBB.

Upon my soul, Captain Noah, this is a very serious affair, d-mme !

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Three bumpers of salt water to Master Squibb—and then hey for Coventry !

SQUIBB.

SQUIBB.

Well, I'll sing! I'll sing!

SONG.

Dearest creature,
Of all nature;
Oh! I die, I faint! &c.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Stop, for God's sake, SQUIBB! I excuse the rest. No pig hung in a gate ever made a more dismal noise—no dog ever bayed the moon so frightfully! Why, zounds! my cur Dumplin should howl more musically; and then the words, they put me in mind of that most maukish of all maukish stuff, the SORROWS of the HEART, baptized a novel. O the cursed trash! Poor SQUIBB! Why, what a difference between thee and a Brother QUID-NUNC that sailed with me last trip—I mean BRASS WILDFIRE, a piece of an Editor—a fine News-hunter—would
spin

spin ten paragraphs out of one. Oh ! a Dare-devil—he told me all the secrets of his Pandemonium. He shewed me his Pocket-book—rich lessons of Roguery !

SQUIBB.

Then he was a rascal.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

He was, he was, SQUIBB ; but this must be said in his favour, he had candour enough to *confess it*. No hypocrite, no—no hypocrite. He never wanted a bit of scandal—nor a breakfast—nor a dinner—nor tea—nor supper. He was a pensioner upon almost every profession ; he kept his feet dry by puffing a shoemaker ; his legs warm by puffing a hosier ; his rump and back by puffing a taylor and mercer ; his head by puffing a hatter ; and, being able to swill porter with the gullet of a whale, he had always a pot ready for his maw, by immortalising an alehouse. Lord, Lord ! he frightened all the actors and

actresses out of their senses, and got half their salaries for puffs ! and then for the fingers, he made their notes tremble again, poor little nightingales !

SQUIBB.

A scoundrel !

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, SQUIBB—He used to get away all their trinkets from them—watch-seals, rings, etwees, and sometimes a whole watch—orders for the Play and Opera, which he either made presents of for future dinners, or sold for ready-money.

SQUIBB.

A villain !

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, SQUIBB—He never wanted news at a pinch ; would spring from Dan to Bersheba in a twink. To en-

Q

liven

liven the paper he would fly to Constantinople, rouse the Janissaries, hang up a Bashaw of three tails, poison the Grand Mufti, set fire to the Seraglio, make the Ladies scamper forth in their smocks, and the Grand Signor, run like a lamplighter, in his shirt.

SQUIBB.

Fie! Captain Noah.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True as the gospel, SQUIBB—At another time he would jump to Algiers, put out the eyes of a young Dey, step a hundred miles into the country that refused tribute, and bring home a hundred hogheads of ears—step away into Egypt and overturn a pyramid with an earthquake—then hey for Smyrna, and kill a million or two with a plague.

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah! Captain Noah!

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, SQUIBB—If he wanted a piece of Indian news—presto, be gone! He murdered a whole ship's crew in the Straits of Malacca—put a ship for a fortnight on her beam ends in the straits of Sundy—then faced about to Bengal and Madras; hopped to Seringapatam, shook down the palace about Tippoo's ears, tumbled Tippoo over the Gauts, and put out his eyes amongst the Marattas.

SQUIBB.

Shameful, Captain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

All his own confessions, SQUIBB—Then he would set off for Bombay, sink the Island of Elephanta in a volcano, dart through the Straits of Babelmandel, cut through the Red Sea, murder a few hordes of Arabs on the banks, demolish Suez, dash through the Desert, plunge into the Mediterranean, and set all the Islands of the Archipelago in open rebellion.

SQUIBB.

SQUIBB.

O ! Captain.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True SQUIBB—If he wanted to *fill* up, and wished for a bit of news from Jamaica, he would conjure up his old friend, the Yellow-fever, and lay you dead thirty thousand pounds-worth of officers in one room—set the council, assembly and governor, by the ears, and transfer the seat of government from Spanish-Town to Kingston—hop up amongst the Blue Mountains, infect young King Cudjoe with rebellion, and give the Island to the Negroes.

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah, fie !

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True SQUIBB—A rare fellow ! He put a fine parcel of money into the pockets of the Proprietors—quite a FILCH ! Oh, a blessed Babe of Grace ! Did a family refuse to take in the Paper to which he was a Hack, he
I would

would make the father a bankrupt, the mother a bawd, the sons swindlers, and the daughters bastards, big with child by the footmen or stable-boys.

SQUIBB.

Such a fellow ought to be hanged, my dear fellow.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

He *did*, SQUIBB—If an author did not advertise in his Paper, he was sure to be loaded with abuse—was a dull hound—a thief :—then, as for scandal, he would invent a vile tale—put it into his Paper, get the abused parties about him—“ It could not be helped, he had a handsome sum for inserting it. He must *live*—family of children—hard times—Open to all parties—nothing could be fairer ; but if an answer were wished, it should be put in.” Well, an answer is inserted—he answers the answer with blacker inventions ; goes to the house of the scandalized party, sympathises, promises, dines, sups, tries to debauch the wife or daughter, empties their pockets, moves off, and laughs at *them* as fools for not suspecting *him* to be a villain !

R

SQUIBB.

SQUIBB.

Is it *possible*?

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Yes, very possible, SQUIBB—It is surprising that JUSTICE COLQUHOUN, who has written so much upon *abuse*, should omit this *Giant* of nuisances, this d-mned plague to society; but he was afraid, afraid, I suppose, of being stung to death by a hornet or two.

SQUIBB.

But we are not *all* alike, Captain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

No, no, God forbid! God forbid! some pigeons, and many crows, I presume—My little lovely LUCY LANGUISH, a Song from thy sweet lips! Ladies and Gemmen, MISS LANGUISH's Song—Silence!

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

Lo! the Pipe of poor COLIN, mute, mute, how it lies!
No more to be swell'd by his hopes, or his sighs!

“ Go,

"Go, leave me!" said he, "since unpriz'd by the Fair."
Then he wistfully flung it away in despair.

Who, like COLIN, could give it of rapture the sound,
Which the echoes with rapture repeated around?
Or give it, like COLIN, a soul to complain?
And who like the SHEPHERD e'er gave it in vain?

'Twas here, at the peep of the morn, that he stray'd
To soothe with its music the ear of the maid!
'Twas here that he wak'd its sweet voice, to delight
(Not Philomel's sweeter!) her slumber at night.

But vain were his vows, and the voice of his reed;
The heart of poor COLIN was fated to bleed!
See his grave! near yon tree his pale relicks are laid,
'Mid the bow'r that he planted, of silence and shade.

Ah! blame not the NYMPH who was deaf to his tale,
Since her heart was betroth'd to a YOUTH of the Vale.
Come, VIRGINS, we'll gather the flow'rs of the grove,
And strew on the victim of SORROW and LOVE.

END OF PART I.

CAPTAIN

M. B. PART II. will be ready again.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Poor fellow ! poor fellow ! terrible disorder, LOVE !
 I think I see him now, just like PATIENCE on a monument, *smelling* at grief, as the Scotchman said—yes, drooping, sleeping, nodding, like the swallows in winter on the bushes of the Thames, preparing to take a journey under water. Strange ! strange ! that men and women *only* should die for *Love* ! Dogs and cats, and other animals, never feel the passions so sensibly. LADIES and GEMMEN, suppose we *adjourn* the court for a handful of minutes, take a peep at MISTRESS MOON, and put a few questions to the weather.

To this proposal we all agreed, CAPTAIN NOAH leading the way up to the Deck.

Thus, as the FLOCKS amid the valley feed,

Behold ! the BELLWEATHER, the ROVER,

Like mortals, fickle, takes it in his head

To taste a neighbouring field of clover !

He *dares* th'opposing hedge, he beats it *bellow*—

Mounts, leaps, and all the tribes of fleeces follow !

END OF PART I.

N. B. PART II. will speedily appear.